Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in war, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratorie grew to an end,
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Citizens and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſſe blocks were they, would they not,
Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speake?
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe,

No doubt wee'le bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Maior, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he?
Cates. My Lord, he doth intreate your grace
To visit him to morrow or next day,
He is within with two right reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cates. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule.
Happie were England, would this gracious prince
Take on him selfe the soueraignte thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby, *Ent. Cates.*
What saies your Lord?
Cates. My Lord, he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorie I am my noble Cosen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*